

[Santa, Baby](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Christmas, Drinking Games, First Kiss, Getting Together, Lapdance, M/M, inappropriate use of Christmas traditions

Language: English

Characters: Allura (Voltron), Hunk (Voltron), Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Matt Holt, Pidge | Katie Holt, Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Former Shiro/Adam, Matt Holt/Shiro, Minor Keith/Lance

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-12-02

Updated: 2018-12-02

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:09:41

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,992

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

In retrospect, Shiro should have known it was a bad idea to leave Lance in charge of games for their annual Christmas party.

Santa, Baby

Author's Note:

Drunk Jenga is fun and now i genuinely do wanna make a christmas edition

In retrospect, Shiro should have known it was a bad idea to leave Lance in charge of games for their annual Christmas party. But he fell victim to Lance's *Allura's going to help, it's fine* nonsense, and that was how they all ended up in the Holts' living room, each holding a drink, while Lance upended a cardboard box onto the table and announced that they were going to play "Drunk Jenga 2: Christmas Edition." He'd put on a Santa hat for it and everything.

Shiro had been roped into playing Drunk Jenga with his group of friends before. Lance, Hunk, and Pidge had found the rules online and made their own set a while ago, which had been fun, not only because of the game but because of how easy it was to guess which of the three had written each challenge.

In any case, Shiro didn't have to listen to the rules, even though Lance was dramatically reading them in his best Santa voice. Keith, sitting next to Shiro, leaned in intently, his competitive side coming out, as it tended to whenever Lance had come up with some new ridiculous challenge.

Lance didn't even technically have to read the rules, because Allura had helpfully printed them out on neat half-sheets of paper with festive clip art surrounding them. Shiro had one sitting in his lap, a circle of condensation bleeding into it from the bottom of his cup. It read:

1. Pull a Jenga tile and read out the color of the text on the tile, red or green. If the color of your cup matches the color of the tile pulled, take a drink.
2. Read the title of the challenge written on the tile and Lance will explain the corresponding challenge you are to do. If you forfeit, you must immediately finish the rest of your drink.
3. Whoever is wearing the hat is "Santa," and will act as Santa in whatever

challenges involve Santa Claus.

4. If you knock over the tower, you must immediately finish the rest of your drink.

When Lance read the rules, however, that ending line was replaced with, "and you have to CHUG YOUR DRINK!" and was followed by cheers from Allura, Pidge, and Matt.

Matt was kind of a new addition to their group, having been invited by Pidge, of course. Shiro had gone to high school with him, but while Shiro stayed and attended school in their hometown, Matt went out of state and was just now back for winter break. He looked... good. He looked like he was doing well. He'd been growing out his hair, which was now long enough to wear in a ponytail, and all the intramural sports he'd joined were clearly doing him some good. Even under the crewneck sweatshirt he was wearing, which featured his university's mascot and the word "REBELS" in dark gray print, Shiro could see that his shoulders were a little wider, more defined, maybe.

Then, Matt grinned at him over the rim of his drink and Shiro realized he was staring. He nodded back, feeling awkward to have been caught, and looked away. Matt's new scar, the one on his cheek that he'd apparently gotten on a backpacking trip, pulled a little when he smiled, and it offset the dimples he'd always had.

In any case, Matt was a far cry from the scruffy-haired, bespectacled definition of nerdiness Shiro had graduated with, and not just because he'd started wearing contacts. He knew it, too, or he wouldn't have been wearing jeans that tight.

Shiro was startled back to the present by Lance asking who was going first, and Pidge standing up to volunteer. She easily yanked out a block, and Shiro suddenly remembered why he didn't play Jenga with Pidge and Hunk, who were both genuinely interested in physics and could sneak out the pieces without even making the tower wobble.

Pidge had pulled a green block, so Shiro, who had a red Solo cup, didn't drink. Matt had grabbed a green one, though, so he threw his head back,

already almost half-done. It wasn't his first drink of the night, either. Shiro had been pacing himself a little more, because he knew there would be some kind of drinking game, and he still had most of his beer left.

Pidge's challenge was to rattle off as many quotes from *Elf* as she could, and to take a drink the first time she messed one up, as judged by Lance, who watched that movie at least four times every Christmas.

Hunk was next, and he had to list off each of the gifts the person in the Twelve Days of Christmas receives, but only made it to about three. Shiro relaxed, these challenges didn't seem as embarrassing as the usual Drunk Jenga, probably because they didn't have any of Pidge's influence.

"It's 'four calling birds,' Hunk, oh my god!" Lance yelled, because he was yelling just about anything. "Drink!"

Hunk grumbled that he knew the 'five gold rings' one, at least, and took a drink.

Lance stood, then, taking off his hat and, without explanation, plopping it on Shiro's head. He stared at Lance for a second, letting his eyebrows do the talking, and Lance just shrugged. "I gotta get another drink," he said, heading off toward the kitchen, leaving Shiro to do whatever Santa Claus was supposed to do in this game in his absence.

Keith pulled the next brick, focusing intently to make certain he didn't knock it over three steps into the game, and squinted at the prompt. Shiro could see from his seat that it was written in red, so he took a drink, and Allura followed suit.

"Mistletoe...?" Keith read, and Allura jumped, reaching for the key that Lance had been reading from.

"Oh! That one's easy," she said, "you're just supposed to kiss the person that's sitting closest to the mistletoe."

The mistletoe, which Lance had been trying to catch somebody under all night, was hanging from the archway dividing the kitchen from the living

room. Shiro had put it up earlier at Allura's request, which was how he'd done most of the decoration of their apartment, because Allura was happy to be in charge and let him do most of the legwork.

And, because of that, Matt was the closest to it. Shiro tried to force down the completely inappropriate jealousy that overcame him, mentally blaming it on the drink in his hand. Keith looked at Matt for a second, with an almost apologetic expression, until Lance came back into the living room, standing directly underneath the little plastic bundle of mistletoe hanging on a red bow.

Everyone in the house collectively held back the type of groan that was only natural when faced with the amount of romantic-slash-sexual tension that existed between Keith and Lance. It took Keith way too long to get up, walk over, and explain that he'd gotten the mistletoe prompt, and by that point, Pidge had flopped over, slumped against her brother, because, in her words, "they're the stupidest people alive."

Keith and Lance didn't hear her, because they were still busy blushing at each other, Lance telling Keith he could forfeit if he wanted, Keith telling Lance he wasn't gonna lose. Lance was still holding his drink, and Keith almost knocked it over as he leaned in to put his arms around Lance's waist, pressing his mouth to Lance's, taking way longer than the challenge had ever insinuated.

Shiro supposed he couldn't blame them. He'd be a blushing mess, too, if he ended up having to kiss someone. Well, someone in particular.

All the lights in the apartment were off except for the Christmas tree and the lamp on the end table to the left of Lance's seat, just enough to read the Jenga bricks by, and the low lighting, plus the fact that Shiro was getting a little tipsy, made everything kind of hazy and rose-colored. So, it wasn't his fault that he thought Matt looked extra-good as he laughed brightly and reached up to high-five a firetruck-red Keith as he went back to take his seat.

"Alright, your turn," Keith said, nudging Shiro, trying his best to get everyone's attention off of him. Lance had buried his face in his drink,

trying to do the same, but he kept sneaking glances over in Keith's direction anyway.

Shiro took mercy on Keith and pulled a brick from the tower, staring for a second as it wobbled precariously. It steadied, and he read the prompt.

"Peppermint stick?" he said, looking at Lance. "What's that one mean? Oh, and it's green." Half the room took a drink.

"Oooh, this is a good one," Lance said, clearing his throat as he read off his list of rules. "Take a candy cane off the tree, and eat it in the most seductive way possible."

Shiro thought about forfeiting. He also thought about turning it into a joke and just biting the candy cane in half, but as he picked at the wrapper, he noticed Matt watching him, his feet kicked up on the coffee table, looking for all the world like he was trying to be casual. There was this look in his eyes, though, like he was curious to see what Shiro would do with the challenge, like he hoped it was gonna be good.

Shiro held the candy cane still in one hand, leaning down to lick it, his tongue curling under the crook of it, feeling absolutely ridiculous. He looked down at the candy he was holding the entire time, trying to forget all his friends were watching him and probably about to burst into laughter, as he dragged his tongue up, licking gently at the top of it. This was way easier with a popsicle. Shiro wished he didn't know that from experience.

He peeled more of the wrapper down and sucked the candy into his mouth, pursing his lips around it, pulling it back out slowly, opening his mouth at the end to show off the drag of his tongue over it. He and Allura had bought a box of the Starburst-flavored ones to decorate with, because they were the best, and the one he was felling tasted like strawberry. He licked it a little more, curling his tongue around it, and, once he was out of moves, he lifted his head.

"Okay, is that good enough? 'Cuz it's gonna take a while if I finish this whole thing while you guys watch," Shiro said.

Lance cleared his throat, visibly removing his attention from Shiro's mouth. "Uh, yeah, that's cool. Hey, my turn!"

"Alright, good," Shiro said, sticking the candy cane in his mouth so that he could crack off a piece with his molars instead of sucking on it ineffectually for the next hour. The rest, he re-wrapped and set on the coffee table.

Lance had pulled his Jenga piece and had been challenged to match Mariah Carey's high note in *All I Want for Christmas is You*, but Shiro wasn't paying much attention, because Matt was staring at him.

Matt's face was a little red, and Shiro wasn't sure if it was the fact that he was on drink number... three? Four? or if it was because of, well, the whole candy cane thing. Matt's eyes were wide and his mouth had dropped open just a little, enough that his lips were barely parted, and that was definitely because of the candy cane thing.

The thing was: Shiro had known, way back when he was fourteen, that Matt had a bit of a crush on him. He hadn't known what to do about it, because at that point, he was desperately clinging to the barest chance that he might still be straight, and by the time he finally came out after two more years, Matt's attraction seemed to have faded. Then, Adam had asked Shiro to the junior prom, and they went off to college, and Shiro didn't see Matt except in passing for a couple years.

Shiro might've talked to Matt a little more during the summer after their freshman year of college, but he was busy going through the worst break-up of his life, and pretty much only talked to Keith for three straight months. By the time Shiro pulled himself out of his moping, he only had a week until the start of the semester, and he was also trying to help Keith out with all his freshman orientation stuff, and he didn't have time for old friends.

Maybe he should've made some time for old friends.

He would've had more time to be introspective, but Lance was screeching along to Christmas music, even though Allura had shut off the music that'd been accompanying him.

Allura's challenge was to do a shot of eggnog, which Shiro suspected Lance put in there specifically because she didn't like it, and her face scrunched up in disgust as she reached for her preferred drink to wash it away with, glaring at Lance as he laughed at her misfortune.

"That wasn't even spiked!" she said, accusatory. "It could have at least been spiked!"

"Yeah, but then it wouldn't have been as eggnog-y," Matt pointed out, "woulda diluted it." He reached for the Jenga tower, plucking a brick free with the same kind of ease Pidge and Hunk had, and Shiro was momentarily jealous.

Then, Matt read his prompt.

"Santa Baby," he said, "like, the song?"

"Yeah," Lance confirmed, "the challenge is to sit on Santa's lap and sing the song."

"Oh." Matt looked at Shiro. Shiro was still wearing the Santa hat. Matt grinned. "Well, this is gonna be fun."

Shiro was sitting in the giant recliner that had been a gift from Coran when he bought a new one. It was creaky and probably not meant for two people, but Matt sat on it anyway, straddling Shiro's lap, which was only good in that it meant Matt wasn't directly touching him.

"Don't fall over," Shiro said, when Matt swayed a little, catching himself on Shiro's shoulders and squeezing.

"I'm good, I'm good," he said, and then he opened his mouth to start singing, off-key, but on-tune, except, it didn't entirely match the song he was supposed to be singing. "*Santa Baby, I don't know the right words, to this,*" he began, coming closer, swaying again, almost dancing, "*so I'm just gonna sing, somethin'.*" He hummed the next few notes, now truly rolling his hips like he was trying to give Shiro an actual lap dance, finishing up the verse with, "*so stick it up my chimney toniiiiight.*"

Shiro didn't know if his face could get any hotter.

"Oh my GOD, Matt, it's 'hurry down the chimney tonight!'" Pidge screeched, throwing an empty cup at his back. "Don't make it nasty!"

Matt twisted to face her, giving Shiro quite the view of the way his shirt stretched across his pectorals. "That song's already kinda nasty, Pidgey!" He continued humming, doing this little wiggle with his shoulders as he turned back to Shiro, who was currently not sure he was still alive. "Wait, I know this part—"

"Matt, I think you're good—"

"Think of all the fun I've missed, think off all the fellas that I haven't kissed," Matt started up again, and Shiro was thinking of them. He sure was thinking of them. *"Next year I'll be twice as good, if you. Check. Off. My Christmas list,"* he concluded, leaning in closer and closer with each word, one finger dragging up Shiro's neck to tilt his chin up so he couldn't hide. By the time the last lyric floated out of his mouth, he was inches from Shiro, close enough that Shiro was forced to do nothing but stare at his lips.

"Oh god, dude, quit torturing him," Hunk said, and Shiro realized the look on his face must've looked particularly pained.

"Alright, alright," Matt said, hopping off the chair, leaving Shiro staring after him, shocked, not entirely in a bad way. Pidge seemed happy to move on to the next challenge, probably so she didn't have to watch her brother give a lap dance, and Shiro drew his knee up until his heel rested on the edge of his chair, casual, not like he was trying to do it to hide any kind of *situation* in his jeans. That definitely wasn't it.

— — —

Hours later, after the Jenga tower had finally been demolished (by Lance, who was only too happy to chug the rest of his drink), the kitchen counter-turned-wet bar had been cleared, and all the leftover desserts had been foisted off onto whoever would take them, the house was empty and silent.

Well, mostly silent.

A soft moan split the air as Matt pushed Shiro against the doorframe right under the mistletoe, the Christmas lights throwing multicolored patterns over his face as he leaned in and kissed Shiro again, hotter this time, heavier this time, humming into it when Shiro slipped one hand into the back pocket of Matt's jeans.

The instrumental Christmas music they'd had playing in the background was still going. Shiro hoped that, soft as it was, it kept Pidge and Allura, who were making coffee in the kitchen not ten feet away, from hearing them. Matt broke the kiss, and Shiro ducked his head to bury his face in Matt's neck, kissing him again there. He could feel the vibration in Matt's throat as he hummed along with the music, then started singing a few bars.

Thankfully, it wasn't *Santa, Baby* playing. Matt's voice was softer, almost sweeter now that he wasn't trying to be seductive, now that he'd learned he didn't have to try.

"Baby, all I want for Christmas is you," he crooned in Shiro's ear, but he didn't get to the next verse, because Shiro was busy kissing the words right out of his mouth.